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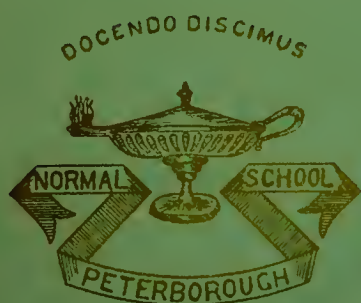
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Peterborough Normal School
year book

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1948



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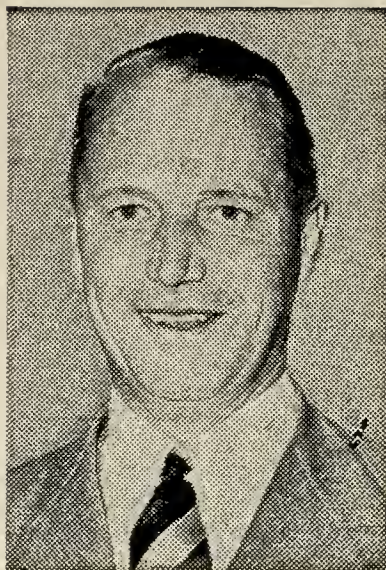
The
Peterborough Normal School
Year Book
1948



THE PETERBOROUGH NORMAL SCHOOL

DEDICATION . . .

The Literary Society of the Peterborough Normal School respectfully dedicates this book to those graduates of this school who served in the armed forces during the Second World War.



GRADUATES of our Normal Schools are again in very keen demand. Never have our people exhibited greater faith in education. In a large measure, the fulfilment of their hopes depends upon you, who will teach in the schools. What you will teach is important; what kind of people your pupils become, as you teach them, is still more important.

You leave this intensive stage of your professional training with proved equipment. You have reviewed much of the factual material which you must pass on to your charges. You have learned a good deal about the nature of the child and about the way he develops through his learning activities. You have studied the fundamentals of school organization and have taught classes under the direction of successful, experienced teachers. You have learned that every part of school procedure is for the benefit of the child.

Soon you will take charge of your own school or classroom, assuming responsibilities which are always exacting and sometimes difficult to define. Do not think that you are to be wholly dependent on your own resources. You will have many allies — your colleagues, your school board, the parents of your pupils and, when you gain their confidence, the pupils themselves. You have at your call the advice and assistance of the inspectors and of the other experts in the Department of Education. Do not think it a sign of weakness to seek their assistance. At your disposal are the means of training-in-service which will transform you from promising beginners into skilled practitioners of a great profession. Books and journals, discussion groups and special summer sessions will claim your attention. These will be useful exactly in proportion to your ability to think clearly and critically about your own experience, and to relate to it all that you read and hear.

Above all else, you will carry with you into your new teaching positions the goodwill and confidence of the people of this Province. This, I am sure, you will justify by your generous contribution not only of industry but also of enthusiasm for your profession and of sustained interest in the children whom you teach.

—GEORGE A. DREW, Minister of Education.



L. W. COPP, Principal

Principal's Message

ONE SHOULD like to feel, that as you leave the training school, you were equipped with sufficient knowledge of teaching, to make you confident, but—with that caution and reserve which still leaves room for plenty of investigation and experiment. The story of a German Justice of the Peace who was judging a case illustrates a healthy state of mind so long as such an attitude does not leave the individual without conviction and confidence. This Judge after hearing the plaintiff said, "You're right." Then after hearing the defendant said, "You're right." After this last comment, the Court Clerk plucked the learned judge's gown and reminded him that both plaintiff and defendant could not be right. Whereupon His Honour exclaimed, "You're right, too."

May you be blessed with a happy balance between absolute confidence and the German Judge's tolerance to accept truths wherever they may appear.

—L. W. COPP.

THE SATURDAY LESSON

'Twas Saturday. The leaves were brown
Upon the lawns. With scowling frown
Jim, squatted on the step, could hear
The pavement hockey game that near
And far drew racing kids as though
They'd heard a fire siren blow.

"Oh, Jimmy, get your stick!" cried Pete,
A moment halting urgent feet.
"I got none." Jimmy cupped his jaw.
"Then, beg a quarter from your ma."
('Twas in those days when dough was dough.)
Said Jim, returning, "She says, 'No!'."

"Then sneak your brother Sid's", said Joe,
"His big league goalie; he'll not know."
The cellar side-door creaked and cried,
And came a thundering voice inside,
"Here! Where you going with that stick?"
Said Pete to Joe, "Let's beat it quick!"

"Why don't you rake some lawns?" said Sime.
"They pay a nickel or a dime."
By four o'clock three patches green
Upon the long brown street were seen.
At half-past four Jim came full tear
A new white hockey stick in air.

That winter Jimmy shovelled snow
And earned a pair of skates, I know.
And now is making good, they tell.
But that day, just as evening fell,
"Gee! But it's great", I heard him say,
We don't have lessons, Saturday."

—HARRY AMOSS.

Director of Professional Training.

I AM HAPPY to extend greetings to the graduates of the Peterborough Normal School. Soon you will be entering upon those duties for which your training has been preparing you. It will have done much for you if you have acquired those qualities of mind and character which will enable you to meet your problems with wisdom and confidence.

It is my earnest hope that you may be able to inculcate in your students, not only the desire to acquire knowledge and information, but the ability to use it wisely and well. Couple with this a respect for your traditions of freedom, fair-mindedness, and regard for the right, and you will have accomplished much. These are great needs in our world of to-day. The task is yours. As you prepare to meet it you have my best wishes for your every success and happiness.

—C. F. CANNON.

Superintendent of Elementary Education.



NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

Back Row (left to right): Q. McKinney, G. E. Munro, F. B. Smitheram.
 Centre Row (left to right): Miss O. Johnston, G. L. Woodruff, Miss B. Latimer.
 Front Row (left to right): Miss O. Cleland, L. W. Copp, Miss C. E. Wagar.

Normal School Staff

L. W. COPP, B.A., B.Paed., Principal

Master: Science and Agriculture, School Management, Sr. Mathematics

F. B. SMITHERAM, B.A., B.Paed.

Master: Science of Education, Social Studies, Jr. Mathematics

G. L. WOODRUFF, B.A.

Master: Speech, Reading, and Literature, Grammar and Composition

MISS OLGA JOHNSTON

Dean of Women: Instructress in Home Economics and Health

MISS CONSTANCE WAGAR, B.A.

Instructress in Art

G. E. MUNRO

Instructor in Manual Training

Q. McKINNEY

Instructor in Music, Physical Education, Writing and Spelling

MISS M. OLIVE CLELAND, B.A.,

Librarian and Instructress in Library Science

MISS B. LATIMER

Secretary

Staff Messages

"Our fate and our destiny as free societies are now bound up with what we are able to do in education more completely and more decisively than they have ever been. Everything is going to depend now upon the kind of citizen we can produce." — Sir Fred Clarke.

Blessed—which is to say, happy—is the person who has won the confidence of a boy or girl, and, with the wisdom of maturity, has helped the youngster feel his or her way along to become a worthy citizen. May each of you find happiness thus.

—F. B. SMITHERAM.

Education should be as gradual as the moonrise: perceptible not in progress but in result. — George Whyte-Melville.

—G. L. WOODRUFF.

"Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."—St. Francis of Assisi.

—OLGA I. JOHNSTON.

Music cleanses the understanding, inspires it, and lifts it into a realm which it would not reach if it were left to itself. — Henry Ward Beecher.

—Q. McKINNEY.

"As a race we produce a considerable percentage of persons in each generation who have the intellectual and moral qualities for the moral and intellectual inspiration of others, for the organization and administration of our gigantic economic and intellectual machinery, and for invention and creation. I believe that we lose a large portion of those who could join these ranks because we fail to find them, to train them rightly, to create character in them and to inspire them to effort. Our teachers are necessarily the army of inspectors in our Nation who must find these individuals and who must stimulate them forward."

Wishing you every success.

—GEORGE E. MUNRO.

To this year's Normalites:

As you, in days to come, look into the faces of the pupils in your classroom, may you find abundantly the same sort of inspiration and satisfaction as the teacher pictured in the following lines by an anonymous poet:

I write no poem men's hearts to thrill,
No song I sing to lift men's souls—
To battle front no soldiers lead,
In halls of state I boast no skill;
I just teach school.

I just teach school. But poet's thrill
And singer's joy and soldier's fire
And statesmen's power — All, all are mine:
For in this little group where still
I just teach school.

Are poets, soldiers, statesmen — all
I see them in the sparkling eye,
In face aglow with purpose strong,
In straightened bodies, tense and tall,
When I teach school.

And they, uplifted gaze intent
On cherished heights they soon shall reach;
And mine the hands that led them on! —
And I inspired! Therefore, content,
I still teach school.

Sincerely, M. OLIVE CLELAND.

Greetings to the students of '47-'48!

My best wishes follow you as you go out to enter your chosen profession. Your career will have its difficulties, but I hope you may make it a happy, useful and satisfying one, for, as John Ruskin puts it:

"Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is painful, continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept and by praise; but, above all, by example."

May you carry away with you many happy memories of our art classes.

Sincerely, CONSTANCE E. WAGAR.

"No lesson is so important to learn, and no habit is so important to acquire, as a right judgment and a delight in fine characters and noble actions." — Aristotle.

—B. LATIMER.

Practice Schools





QUEEN ALEXANDRA PUBLIC SCHOOL

Back Row (left to right): J. R. Nichols, Miss I. Connolly, Miss H. A. Staples,
J. E. R. Munro.

Front Row (left to right): Miss H. Bonnycastle, Miss B. G. Hart, Miss O. V. Armstrong.

Practice School Staffs

RURAL SCHOOLS

Miss C. Nisbett
Miss M. Heffernan
Miss A. Anderson

Mrs. D. P. Brotherstone
Mrs. Dorothy Wright
Mr. Ezra S. Ball

PETERBOROUGH COLLEGIATE AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

C. S. Browne, M.A., Principal

Miss M. J. Lancaster, B. A.

V. R. Henry, M.A.

Miss L. M. Park, B.A.

L. H. Collingwood, M.A.

Miss Fern Rahmel, B.A.

A. Londry, B.A.

R. D. Brown, B.A.

L. M. Richardson, B.A.

R. G. Corneil, B.Sc., B.Paed.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA PUBLIC SCHOOL

J. E. R. Munro, B.A., Principal

Miss H. A. Staples

Miss I. Connolly

Miss O. V. Armstrong

Miss H. Bonnycastle

Miss B. G. Hart

J. G. Nichols, B.A.

Unforgettable September 9, 1947

I CLIMBED the steps with trepidation. The Normal School? Yes, in spite of its lack of an identifying label, this must be it. As I passed fearfully through its portals, I admonished myself grimly: "Look, roots, you're a big girl now! and you're not running away!"

Jeepers! A man! and rather a cute looking man, too, with blonde hair and a sinister little moustache. "Right up those stairs, young lady," he informed me. With muttered thanks and unuttered curses upon my new but embarrassingly noisy alligator pumps, I climbed and climbed and climbed those seemingly endless stairs. At last I arrived in an enormous room filled with rows and rows of seats, terrifying dignity and a few miserable-looking girls.

I sat down gingerly in the nearest seat. Nobody spoke. Donning my "I'm-a-very-poised-young-lady" look, I moved up to sit with two other girls — strangers to me. We exchanged names, addresses and feelings and I was relieved to discover that others, too, expected Gabriel's trumpet to blow momentarily. I was chagrined to see that very, very few were wearing stockings. All summer long it had been dinned into my unwilling ears "Remember — ladies always wear stockings!" So here I was stockinged, a misfit!

Suddenly, a bell rang! So like our fire bell at collegiate was it, that naturally, as an old fire horse smelling fire, I stood up and prepared to run. Then I sat down in confusion. The platform had filled up with a heterogeneous collection of people. My moustached friend was there looking slightly more subdued. Another man there puzzled me because of the close resemblance he bore to either his Satanic Majesty or my late Uncle Art — which, I could not decide. The other men didn't interest me — one looked henpecked, and the other looked like the driver of a Canada Bread truck I had known once and cordially hated. The ladies (ordinarily I can find more interesting things to observe) made quite a contrast. One was short and chubby, and in a score of years would look like somebody's grandmother. Another was tall and stately and looked unapproachable; the third appeared to have a keen sense of humour. Then I saw another man, and why I had missed him at first I couldn't imagine for he was certainly no shrinking little violet. Remember in 'Julius Caesar' when Caesar says, "Let me have men about me that are fat"? My doubts of ever learning anything at Normal increased.

The rest of the morning passed with me in a merciful state of semi-consciousness. I remember being herded through a bewildering maze of stairs and corridors and into rooms that seemed like bare cells. I remember all the masters cracking jokes and pretending they were "hail-fellows-well-met", but they didn't deceive us any. None of the disappointments of the day was greater than the announcement that the boys would be segregated into a separate form.

When we were finally dismissed, I rushed home and politely told my landlady that it was "all perfectly wonderful". But the letter which I hastily wrote home told a different story.

"Dear Mom," I wrote, "Come and get me at once! It's terrible and I don't want to be a teacher anymore!"

—VERNA MAE BURNETT.

Difficulties are merely opportunities for you to prove yourself.



YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE

Back row (left to right): R. Weir, V. McCaw, F. B. Smitheram, L. Sills.
Front Row (left to right): M. Rutherford, Reta Sproule, M. Jackson, M. Davidson.

Editorial

OUR YEAR at Peterborough Normal School is quickly drawing to a close. Soon, this year will be a memory. To keep this memory vivid and complete, the Year Book Committee of 1947-48 has striven. We have appreciated the assistance from the staff and students which has helped to make this edition possible. Special thanks go to Mr. Smitheram who has faithfully led us through the steps of preparing this book.

In this one brief year each of us has formed friendships, some of which will be lifelong. Each of us has had many pleasures in work and play, and each of us has become somewhat wiser through the efforts of a pleasant staff. It is hoped that this book will be the link to keep friendships lasting and pleasant memories bright.

When we part, some of us will teach in rural schools, others in urban, and some may change to another profession. Wherever we are, whatever we are doing, may each find happiness. For, unless we are happy, we cannot give our best.

—RETA M. SPROULE, Editor.

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EXECUTIVE OF LITERARY SOCIETY — FALL TERM

Back Row (left to right): J. Lewis, O. Reynolds, J. Hubbard, Reta Sproule, M. Watson,
M. Davidson, G. L. Woodruff, F. Howes, F. Morton.
Front Row (left to right): P. Boyd, R. Douglas, M. Sargent, L. Homan.

The Literary Society

DURING THE first week of the term the announcement was made that it would be necessary to organize the student body into a Literary Society. Even before many acquaintances had been made, we found ourselves nominating and electing those who would direct the student activities during the fall term. That first election chose the following:

President	Jerry Hubbard
Vice-President	Madeleine Davidson
Secretary	Margaret Sargent
Treasurer	Fraser Morton
Representatives:	
Form I	Ramona Douglas, Luella Homan
Form II	Reta Sproule, Margaret Watson
Form III	John Lewis, Orval Reynolds
Athletic Society	Fraser Howes
Red Cross Society	Phyllis Boyd

With Easter occurring so early in 1948 we found ourselves preparing for the At Home almost as soon as the Christmas vacation ended. In the midst of it the election of the executive for the spring term was held, this time by the regular secret ballot method. As a result the directing body often known as the "Hubbardite Regime" was succeeded in office by the "Carswell Coalition" comprised of:



SPRING TERM LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row (left to right): J. Gordon, J. Carswell, R. Galbraith, G. L. Woodruff, F. Allore, G. Knox.

Front Row (left to right): M. Braithewaite, L. Weaver, M. Rutherford, L. Homan, M. Andrews, P. Brown, Ruth Sproule.

President	Margaret Rutherford
Vice-President	John Carswell
Secretary	Peggy Brown
Treasurer	Gregory Knox
Representatives	
Form I	Muriel Andrews, Merla Braithewaite
Form II	Ruth Sproule, Lois Weaver
Form III	Robert Galbraith, Jack Gordon
Athletic Society	Fred Allore
Red Cross Society	Luella Homan

Members of both executive groups have enjoyed arranging the various activities of the year. Guided by the advice and assistance of Mr. Woodruff they were able to avoid many difficulties and to discharge their duties more effectively. In order that future executives may benefit from the experiences gained this year, a committee has been active drafting a constitution which, we hope, will some day set forth the duties and procedures of the Literary Society.

Any success which either executive enjoyed was possible only because of the splendid cheerful co-operation of all students and all members of the Normal School Staff.

—JERRY HUBBARD, MARGARET RUTHERFORD.

MY FIRST LESSON

'Twas the day before Thursday, and all thro' the school,
Not a pupil was happy, not even Miss Sproule.
And the lessons prepared on this Wednesday with care
Seemed even more jumbled when Thursday was there.

Jack's pupils were ready, all tense in their seats,
As fear-ridden Normalites crept through the streets.
To Queen Alex we came, and all in a dither,—
As we cringed in the halls all our nerves seemed to wither.

We knocked on the door which was labelled "Jack Nichols",
A moustache we saw — Reta said, "Bet it tickles!"
The time was 1:30, the last bell had sounded
For Fraser to name all the forts which were founded.

His lesson was smooth, and his manner polite,
His procedure, we found, was just about right.
Then at 2:15 hours Reta Sproule had the floor.
Her first spelling lesson had ten words or more.

Her debut, as well, was planned to perfection,
And now it was time for my wee selection.
But outside the door, there arose such a clatter—
My knees, they did tremble — my teeth, they did chatter!

I sprang to attention, and tried to look tough,
When in through the door walked G. Leslie Woodruff,
And not only him, but the principal, too,
With F. Bertie Smitheram! — I hadn't a clue.

As to how I should start; but my question, I think,
Was, "How many here saw a fly on the brink
Of filling his stomach with cake, milk, and cheese,
Or even a candy? — Will you answer, now, please?"

My lesson at last was over and gone,
And so were the masters!—(Ye gods!)—one by one!
With many a shaking of heads, and dark frowns —
"That Weir fellow certainly failed! — Hope he drowns!"

Jack Nichols, I found, was indeed sympathetic,
And proved to be, actually, not a bad critic.
"My lesson", he said, "though it stunk to high Heaven,
Might even improve with the next six or seven

Years at Normal School"; so I, without stopping
Ran all the way back to the cloakroom, but dropping
An ear to the keyhole, I heard someone say—
"That Weir fellow certainly did fail to-day!"

And so here I'm sitting in 1-9-5-8,
Yet finding myself for Bert's classes—still late!
Now I wonder how long they will keep me right here,
For I really should graduate — maybe next year!

—RUSSELL WEIR.

Social Events

The Staff Reception

LATE IN September curious students, aware that the year's first formal social event was imminent, sought information in books of etiquette but found their answers by consulting Miss Johnston. If any entertained misgivings in regard to social proprieties, these were dispelled by the atmosphere of sincere friendliness that prevailed on the afternoon of September 30th.

For the occasion, the Staff had arranged a pleasant programme featuring an official welcome to the school by Principal L. W. Copp, a civic welcome by Mayor W. G. Ovens, a message of inspiration by Rev. Ivan G. Morgan, and two delightful solos by Miss Nicollette Humphrey. Following the programme lunch was served by members of the staff, assisted by their wives — Mrs. L. W. Copp and Mrs. F. B. Smitheram pouring tea.

It seemed that no effort was spared to make each member of the new class feel genuinely at home in Peterborough. Student became better acquainted with student, practice teachers, members of the Normal School Staff, and friends of the school. From that day, P.N.S. became our school.

—ROWENA LEONARD.

Meeting the Inspectors

TWICE DURING the year the Inspectors of the Trent Valley region met in the Normal School. On each occasion they were permitted to interview those students who reside in their respective Inspectorates. Many of them were able to greet former pupils whom they remembered as shy little tots starting to school or as High School Entrance candidates graduating from their supervision. All of them showed genuine interest in the classes as potential sources of teachers for their schools.

On both occasions groups of students were pleased to act as hosts and hostesses by serving their guests that morning "spot of tea". In addition, at the spring meeting, another group presented for the approval of the Inspectors a demonstration of the techniques which this class has been trained to use in teaching Primary Reading.

If this class can continue to impress these kindly officials as favourably as they impressed each Normalite, the reputation of our Normal School will be further enhanced.

—EILEEN HELSTERN.

Quothe John Grylls — "She may be only a gardener's daughter, but she sure knows how to plant her tulips."

The Hallowe'en Party

ANY CALENDAR lists Hallowe'en on the last day of October, but the party in the Normal School twenty-four hours earlier than that date lacked nothing that is associated with the occasion. Ghosts, gobins, cobwebs, witches, skeletons, slimy hands, sepulchral voices were all present to evoke shrieks, or, in some cases, peals of laughter. Such were the preliminaries to the real party in the Assembly Hall.

Here had gathered a group attired in every variety of costume. Stranger danced with stranger, no one attempting to reveal his identity. So cleverly disguised were some that members of one household were unaware that others from the same abode were present. Did anyone ever see another woman with such outstanding feet as had the Lady of the Furs and the Ear-rings?

From the kitchen later came a tasty lunch, that is, what was left of baked apples, doughnuts and cider after the Refreshment Committee had tasted literally and liberally as they worked. As midnight approached weariness dampened earlier enthusiasms. In true elfin style, weary guests vanished ere the clock struck twelve. The Hallowe'en party was over.

—ETHEL GILL.

Sadie Hawkins' Party

ON THE EVE of the fateful day, though it was not Leap Year, the girls were observed in deep conspiracy. Rumours about those things called corsages filtered through the school. Each boy must have inwardly thought, "Oh, she couldn't do that to me. I'd look so silly!" Had he only known!

There must have been a certain nervousness as she stood on the doorstep of his home ringing the doorbell. Once! Twice! Three times! At last — sigh. (Remember now your manners.) Then she helped him with his coat. What's wrong? She forgot to open the door. No taxi? He won't mind, this time — it isn't so f-a-r.

But aren't the boys in unusually good humour. I wonder why. Oh-h—"I pay". Proceeds for the Junior Red Cross, but it's embarrassing.

"This Way to Dogpatch" read the sign. Will we know when we get there? Decorations? People? Why, there's Daisy Mae, Li'l Abner, Mammy Yokum and even Pappy. Special names for each guest, eh. Wonder what ours will be — still can't guess.

March music — indicating a parade, corn cob pipes, yellow boots, bare feet, corsages — cabbage leaves, beans, onions, carrots, Life Savers, gum drops. How appetizing! The judges, Mr. and Mrs. McKinney, Miss Johnston and Mr. Woodruff selected typical Daisy Mae Marg Rutherford and Li'l Abner Allore. Natchery!

In its day the Virginia Reel may have been graceful, but it, too, has a New Look. Quite a square dance! That farmhand can really call. Music? Woody! Games, too. One learned that Life Savers and tooth picks enjoy a peculiar relationship but why did they persist in chasing Life Savers across the floor? Can't think of another Nursery Rhyme, eh! Was that why they threatened to throw you "out the window"?

While the evening was yet young the P.N.S. Record Player orchestra took over. Such dancing — but it was fun. Appropriately, many found their way home, but others — weak from the expenditure of energy — infiltrated into Harrisons.

—PHYLLIS BOYD.

At Home

JANUARY! The month of fuss, bother and muddles! Everyone was in a muddle. Everything was muddled! Songs echoed through the corridors, rehearsals disturbed class routine, decorations depicting anchors, sailors and ships diverted attention from books, lesson plans and directed observation reports. Surely there must be a purpose to all this preparation which reached a fevered climax at the end of the first week in February.

On that Friday evening, gowned figures early hurried into the school. Confusion was confined backstage or to the improvised dressing rooms. Elsewhere calm orderliness, keen anticipation, and genuine friendship prevailed. Happy receptionists welcomed friends—four hundred of them—to the big formal party of the year.

Promptly at nine o'clock a hush fell upon the crowded assembly hall. The curtains parted as though operated by unseen magic forces. In the strong glare of floodlights was an outdoor scene of a summer resort by the side of a lake — realistically created under Miss Wagar's supervision. 'This was the setting for the presentation of the gay operetta "The Maids and Middies"'.

Directed by Mr. Woodruff and Mr. McKinney, supported in the choruses and in numerous ways by the entire student body, the cast was:

Valerie	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marg Rutherford
Billy	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lloyd Sills
Mrs. Gaily	-	-	-	-	-	-	Muriel Andrews
Mr. Dawson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fraser Howes
The Count	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jerry Hubbard
Mr. Fitz	-	-	-	-	-	-	Russ Weir
Mr. Evans	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jack Carswell
Alice	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chris Roberts
Maud	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marg Garrison
Phyllis	-	-	-	-	-	-	Peggy Brown
Mr. Bounder	-	-	-	-	-	-	John Lewis
The Great Unknown	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jack Gordon
Attendant	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fred Allore

An hour later, amid the plaudits of admiring guests, friend greeted friend, swaying to the rhythm of Cecil Gallagher's band or by partaking of a dainty lunch served in the Library. Relay after relay moved from dance floor to the Library or to the various games on the second floor. By midnight a few began to depart, but not till "two" did the gaiety lessen.

Then, as ever happens, good things end. Happy, but suddenly weary, folks drifted homewards. The "At Home" was over but in the memories of this class it will linger long — a highlight of the year.

—PEGGY BROWN.

Mr. S.: "What is a buccaneer?"

Maggie: "A heck of a price to pay for an ear of corn."

Bob: "Boy! Did she give you a dirty look?"

Fraser: "Who?"

Bob: "Mother Nature."

The Christmas Frolic

ON DECEMBER 17th, in the spirit of goodwill to all, the students, members of the staff and friends assembled to spend the evening in holiday mood. For the occasion the Assembly Hall had been adorned in the season's gayest costume. Streamers were draped, Christmas wreaths were hung, bright coloured cones and balls gave brilliance to the room showing the purposeful nature of Mr. Munro's practical instruction in Crafts.

For the lack of other entertainment, it seemed, dancing began as soon as sufficient numbers had gathered. No one seemed concerned that the stage was curtained or that certain students were not present until, during a lull in the music, all were requested to be seated.

Then, the Drama Club (Mr. Woodruff's protegee) presented a modern interpretation of "Scrooge's Christmas". Lunch was followed by the singing of Christmas carols in the midst of which who should appear but Santa Claus. Truly he seemed to be "a right jolly old elf". Some marvelled at the personal acquaintance he seemed to have with so many of those present but none dared to ask how he learned so much about them. Everyone, even Mr. Copp, seemed delighted to learn before he left that there had been a gift on the tree for each.

So passed the Christmas frolic—an evening of gaiety, music and good cheer.

—RUTH WILSON.

The Skating Party

LADY LUCK beamed upon the efforts of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Society by providing them with ideal weather for their skating party. Most of the school gathered on that Monday evening at Inverlea Rink where, for over two hours, they skated happily.

Adjourning to the Normal School they found the difficulty of climbing the hill undiminished despite the grace and ease with which they had so recently glided along the ice. But the rewards were worth the effort. In the school, hot soup, melba toast, and red apples were arrayed to satisfy the appetites generated by earlier exertion. To round out a most enjoyable event, music had been arranged. Thus a good time was assured—skating, eating, and dancing till midnight.

—MARGUERITE HICKEY.

Education is what remains after what you have learned is forgotten.

Mr. Copp, at the Kawartha Club, "I'd move heaven and earth to play this game properly."

Caddie: "You've only heaven to move now, sir."

Wilkinson: As soon as I realized it was crooked business, I got out of it.
Whitfield: How much?



EX-SERVICE PERSONNEL

Left to right: F. Morton, R. Weir, J. Hubbard, G. L. Woodruff, A. Whitfield.

Ex-Service Men at P.N.S.

INCLUDED in the class of '48 are four ex-service men—Fraser Morton and Russ Weir (R.C.A.F.), Bert Whitfield (R.C.C.S.), and Jerry Hubbard (C.A.C.). Although somewhat older than most students these four young men quickly adjusted themselves to their new associates and to Normal School life. Appropriately enough, their Form Master was Mr. G. L. Woodruff whose Army experience made him fully cognizant of the problems of being readjusted to civilian life.

Perhaps the most difficult problem which these men encountered was that of forcing themselves to open books for the purpose of study. Having been away from academic learning for a time they found some difficulty in getting back to the old "schoolroom grind". Early in the term these youthful veterans managed to overcome this difficulty. Soon they were able to keep pace with those classmates who had come directly from High School and whose education had not been interrupted. Each of them was happy to contribute his bit to make the Normal School year interesting, enjoyable and profitable.

POETRY WITH EFFORT

"Sleep, little baby, oh sleep.
Daddy's out driving his jeep.
He's gone to get baby a doll.
Good-night, go to sleep, that is all."

—ETHEL GILL.

Mr. Harvey A. Bonney

DURING THE TERM most students have become familiar with Mr. Bonney, the genial gentleman whose best efforts have contributed to the comfort of everyone using the Normal School building. Mr. Bonney's duties begin every day before most students awake in order that the fires be lit. Since his appointment in April, 1921, he has served the school as engineer.

Born of Huguenot stock, whose ancestors had been forced to flee to England in the fifteenth century, Mr. Bonney came to Peterborough in 1915. Shortly he became night engineer in one of the city's larger factories. Six years later he began his duties in the Normal School. Since then he has served continuously under four Principals — the late Dr. Duncan Walker, Dr. J. A. Bannister, the late Mr. E. H. McKone, and Mr. L. W. Copp. He has seen many changes in the Staff during his service, but only minor changes in his own department. Electric motors have replaced the steam engine for operating the ventilating fan but no automatic stoker as yet feeds the fire box. Annually he has shovelled on the average of one hundred and forty tons of coal into the furnace in order that classes might meet in comfort.

During his twenty-seven years, faithful and conscientious application to duty has marked his work. Only twice, and for a brief period of ten days on each occasion, has he been obliged to remain absent from his place. Though not in direct contact with the academic work of the school, he made acquaintances with students of every year. He has enjoyed these friendships. This class extends to him the wish that, when his application to retire on pension is granted, he and Mrs. Bonney may enjoy many years of comfort, good health, and happiness.

THE HUBBARDITE REGIME

It's twelve-forty on Tuesday noon,
And plotting some new scheme
Is a faithful group, now just guess whom:
It's the 'Hubbardite Regime'.

Yes, here are Jerry, Orv, and John,
Reta, Margs. and Lou,
Phyllis, yes — and Madeleine,
Ramona and the Frasers two.

They meet in Mr. Woodruff's room
And in discussion there
Have planned most school activities—
What, how, why, when and where.

"I move," says John, "we have a dance,"
"I second," Orv replies.
"In favour? All." says Jerry,
"It's carried then," he cries.

And thus they planned our parties there.
For money oft they yearned.
But time for school; there goes the bell;
The meeting is adjourned.

—MARGARET WATSON.

TEACHING FOR MR. NICHOLS

Ah! There's the bell and all is well,
At least I think so — we can't tell.
Oh! Mr. Woodruff just came in;
He gave us such a pleasant grin.
I s'ppose he'll watch us as we teach
Perhaps — and then he'll preach and preach
On manner, methods, and on voice:
Oh well! We'll listen now to Joyce.

My lesson's over — oh, what fun,
It was some lesson — now it's done.
It seems as if I'll never be
A teacher just as good as he.
But never mind, I stand a chance
Of passing, though he raves and rants
About my plan, a minor thing
For who knows what next year will bring.

Here is my lesson plan returned.
You know the lesson wasn't learned,
But I got through it; just the same,
Poor Mr. Woodruff suffered pain,
"Tsk, tsks," and "ugh" he muttered low,
"My gosh! but Muriel, you are slow.
You'll have to watch your graph, you know,
Or else below the line you'll go."

—MURIEL ANDREWS.

Valedictory Address

TODAY I have the privilege of saying a few words of farewell to the Masters and Instructors of Peterborough Normal School on behalf of the class of '47-'48.

The time has come when we must say goodbye to these, our teachers. to this, our school, and to the fair City of Peterborough. Nearly a year ago we entered this school as students. Now we are leaving it prepared to enter the teaching profession as adult men and women.

On this, our last day together, we realize that our Principal and Dean were both right when they said we would leave Normal School with tears in our eyes, for we have just completed one of the happiest school years of our lives. We can laugh together now as we recall the first frightening days at P.N.S. The strange school—the strange faces all around us—the tales each master told about the others. But in a few days with the help of Mr. McKinney's Play Day, Mr. Copp's science excursions and the Fall baseball games, we lost our feeling of strangeness and began to be the big happy family we are now. Our feeling of belonging perhaps really became strongest when we were officially welcomed by Mayor Ovens at the Reception in September.

We shall always have happy memories of all the activities of the school—the basketball games, the hockey games, our trip to Toronto, our Friday night parties when we danced to the melodic strains of our school orchestra.

and best of all our "At Home." What fun we had preparing for that great occasion—now that it is past.

But as we look over our year, we can think of more than just the fun we have had. We remember with a warm feeling of accomplishment the work we have done, our many projects, our Science notes, our directed observation reports and most important the lessons we have taught. We can even smile a little now as we think of our first lesson—the hours we spent trying to make that lesson a success, and then the terrible panicky feeling when we stood before the class and couldn't recall a word. Nor can we leave the school without paying tribute to each Master and Instructor, for the patience which each one showed with our problems and errors.

Now, as we stand looking with anticipation and a little fear into the future, we realize how very valuable has been the help of all our teachers, school and practice. They have tried to show us what we should do—let us set our sights on their objectives and carry on the task.

"For as we think so will we do.
Guard well the portals of the mind,
Let no discouragement creep through,
No doubt a lodgement find.
More than's been done can still be done;
Think this, and, thinking, then believe,
(So may the greatest goal be won)
Go on! Think right! Work hard! Achieve!"

We need have no fear for the future if, when we leave this building to enter into the broader fields of our profession, we go with the determination that we are the masters of our destiny.

One ship drives east and another drives west
While the selfsame breezes blow;
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales
That bids them where to go.
Like the winds of the seas are the ways of the fates
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the storms nor the strife.

—MADELEINE DAVIDSON.

THE EASTER LILY

Oh, Easter lily, tall and fair,
A beauty to behold —
Your petals of the purest white,
Your heart of shining gold.

You stand so tall and stately there
Amid the leaves of green;
You have an air of purity
And peacefulness serene.

Pale petals softly op'ning now
Do tell a wondrous thing,
The glorious Easter story
Of Christ, our Risen King.

ANNE REID.

How Bear Creek Got Its Name

(Based upon a letter written in 1825, to relatives in Ireland, by Mrs. Alexander Stewart, great-grandmother of Mrs. Allen Brown, with whom the author of this account resided while attending Normal School.)

IN THAT YEAR Mrs. Stewart's father had a French family in his employ. One night this hired man's wife was awakened by the squealing of their one pig. Throwing a shawl about her head and carrying a lighted candle, she dashed through the darkness toward the pig-sty where she beheld a bear attacking the pig. Unable to drive him off, terrified, she kept the fence between the bear and herself. Reaching out with the candle, she was able to singe the bear's whiskers, but failed to distract him until the pig was killed. Incidentally, neither her husband nor her sons heard the commotion.

The next day she told the story to a neighbour, Mr. Sidney Bellingham, who took his gun and set off in pursuit of the bear. He saw it at a distance, fired a shot, wounded the animal, only to have it escape. Later, a wounded bear was found dead in the little creek which has since been known as Bear's Creek.

On September 17, 1947, Normalites, dressed suitably for a hike, poured out of the school to go to Bear's Creek. Rain started to fall. They didn't go. The following Monday was too cold. So was Tuesday. Wednesday saw them make another attempt. Again rain threatened. The hike was postponed. Thursday — ah, the weatherman was favourable.

Out of the city wended a merry group. Across fields, along an old railroad track they hiked, identifying trees, weeds, landmarks and earth formations. Finally, they found this babbling brook beside which a camp-fire burned briskly. Soon piping hot coffee and biscuits were passed around while serious students (they had been at Normal School only two weeks) debated whether the hike was an object lesson in Natural Science or Social Studies.

No decision had been reached by evening when they again returned to Peterborough. This group knew only that a hike can be a learning activity — effective and enjoyable.

—MARGARET GARRISON.

MY LOVE

The world to me seemed bleak and bare
Like winter come to stay.
When flowers hid and birds were gone
My soul was numb and gray.
The beauty of the earth had fled—
My love had gone away.

And then one day the whole world bloomed.
The birds sang joyfully.
Each flower raised its happy face
The carefree world to see.
The world was warm and bright that day—
My love came back to me.

—VERNA MAY BURNETT.



GROUP A

Back Row (left to right): D. Crough, J. Grills, R. Douglas, J. Ashley, E. Gill, M. Andrews, G. Gourlie, T. Genge, I. Bowins, V. Burnett.
 Front Row (left to right): M. Brick, P. Brown, M. Davidson, M. Garrison, M. Curtis, M. Ames, M. Braithewaite.

Form I - - As We Knew It!

Mary Ames	From Codrington. The number one girl at P.N.S. who is responsible for seeing that the Masters sign that yellow slip of paper.
Muriel Andrews	Our capable Form Representative. She would like to become Free and I think she will.
June Ashley	Graduated from Kingston Collegiate. Interested in all sports and in "Des". (Note the ring).
Isobel Bowins	One of our scholarship students who hails from Coboconk but whose interest is in Lakefield.
Phyllis Boyd	Our past Red Cross President with the meek, little voice. Her home is in Consecon.
Merla Braithewaite	Has the distinction of being Form I's smallest member. Merla hails from Roseneath.
Margaret Brick	Our Irish girl who blushes so very easily.
Peggy Brown	From Peterborough. Our efficient secretary of the Literary Society. She is keenly interested in all sports. How we envy her natural curls.
Verna Mae Burnett	Form I's budding young poetess from Odessa.
Doreen Crough	Graduated from P.C.V.S. Interested in dancing.
Mary Curtis	From Peterborough. Interested in sports, especially basketball.
Madeleine Davidson	Graduated from P.C.V.S. with Latin honours. Past Vice-President of the Literary Society.
Ramona Douglas	Graduated from Cobourg Collegiate.
Margaret Garrison	Tweed. An active member of Mr. Woodruff's Drama Club.
Thelma Genge	Her home is in Hartington. Entered Normal after a year's experience in the business world. Very much interested in tap-dancing.
Ethel Gill	Came to Normal from Varsity. Interested in basketball. Is said to be a Georgian.
Gwenythe Gourlie	Graduate from Napanee Collegiate. Interested in Saturday morning telephone calls.
Joyce Grills	From Campbellford. She usually comes steaming into the cloakroom after the first bell has gone.
Eileen Helstern	Came to P.N.S. from Queen's. Hockey interests centre chiefly in goal keepers and in basketball managers.
Marguerite Hickey	Form I's youngest member. See her pigtails fly on the basketball floor.
Joan Hoard	We wonder why she is so interested in Stirling.
Anna Luella Homan	Known as "Lu" and who hails from Corbyville. She is captain of the basketball team and a star player.
Mildred Jackson	Graduated from Napanee Collegiate. Mildred helps to keep the mailman busy.
Rosemary Jordon	Graduated from Notre Dame Convent, Kingston. Interested in baseball and hockey.
Marie Kenehan	Our quiet little miss from Verona, but can she write poetry.
Rowena Leonard	Her home is in Hartington. Interested in dancing with the "expert" from Port Perry.
Sister Borgia	Mt. St. Joseph. Form I's most gifted reader.



GROUP B

Back Row (left to right): Sister Borgia, V. Meldrum, M. McGee, T. Mullett, J. Hoard, D. Peters, R. Jordan, R. Parker, M. Hickey, E. Murphy, F. Neville, M. Kenahan.

Front Row (left to right): M. McColl, M. McBride, S. Powell, E. Perrin, R. Leonard, M. Jackson, E. Helstern, L. Homan.

Form II News

UNDOUBTEDLY Form II thinks that the year at P.N.S. has been the most profitable and most enjoyable year of our lives. Equally sure are they that Form II was the outstanding group of the year. Room 2 was our home room. The visitor no sooner could look through the door than he would see the school's most brilliant flash of red—Esther Perrin's hair.

"Maggie", Mr. Smitheram, our Form Master would call, and immediately our five Margarets would spring to action. Among them is the only Real girl in all the school, our laurel-winning Secretary of the Hubbard regime — Margaret Sargent, our spring term President—Margaret Rutherford, Margaret Watson, she who fluttered away from ladders in a gown of blue and white streamers trimmed with balloons, and finally, those incomparable twins McColl and McGee.

Toward the back of the room the school's most modest, young ladies, the Sproule sisters, Reta and Ruth—and the Wilson two, not sisters. Near them hovered a Weaver and a Reid, most useful in Mr. Munro's basketry classes. Well to the front is this year's most genuine touch of Auld Ireland, Ellen Murphy, whose "Wearing O' the Green" is always a signal for caution. But green with envy did she appear when Rosemary Parker turned pages while Romeo played "Sweethearts and Wives."

Motivated by the Form Master to the need for missionary teachers in the outlying districts, Form II had its Marion Sedgwick with first hand information of the wonders of Haliburton. From Cameron we have our Betty Rutherford whose tales none can match.

No other form can boast of having a Marjorie McBride, the dark-eyed miss who is going to ban comic books from her school. Nor has any other form the smiling Sir Frances Neville who says she just loves teaching. Only Form II had Dorothy Peters of Cole Lake fame, and Christine Roberts, our talented soloist, and Verna Meldrum—the little girl so shy in and out of (?) school. Only Form II could boast of Thelma Mullet so loyal to Crookston whate'er its fate, or Sue Powell who is neither big nor mighty, or Mary Spencer, the budding poetess.

Most interesting, too, were those things unrevealed; about Form II. Why did Jean York enjoy the "20 Plus Club"? so much? Where did Anne Walsh lure the unnamed individual after school on February 9th? Why Evelyn Preston gets so out of breath coming to school? Perhaps this latter may be explained in terms of Science of Education — She saw Mr. Woodruff. She ran. She was afraid.

Marian White adds colour — but there goes the bell and the account must end, though this must yet be said—

Form III's ideas make Normal School
So dull and drab and cool;
Form I adds something which, like gum,
Makes our education hum!
But in Form II we do declare —
No effort do we spare
To make this term from spring to fall
The year that is the best of all.

—SHEILA WILSON.

"I want you to know that you're the first girl I've ever made love to", whispered Greg Knox as he shifted gears with his feet.



GROUP C

Back Row (left to right): D. Wallace, A. Walsh, M. White, J. York, M. Watson, B. Rutherford, Ruth Sproule, M. Sedgwick, L. Weaver, M. Real.

Front Row (left to right): M. Rutherford, Reta Sproule, M. Spencer, A. Reid, E. Preston, Sheila Wilson, Ruth Wilson, C. Roberts.

The O.T's.

THE STAGE is set. We mean, the music room is ready, because most of the actors are here. Time — 1.00 p.m. of any Tuesday or Friday at P.N.S. Everyone's ready. Ready for what? Why, of course, the agonizing half-hour of O.T. practice.

A typical half-hour with the O. T.'s goes something like this. It starts with grouching, such as wishing Mr. McKinney would get here. Someone else moans about all the music theory we've taken, 'and I don't understand a note of it.' One of the boys remarks, 'You know, Mr. McKinney would never believe this, but I used to be able to play a tune.'

"If he doesn't soon get here, I'm leaving, and not coming to classes again!" growls someone else. But Mr. McKinney isn't the only person not here — Lou is still at Literary executive meeting.

Finally, in comes Mr. McKinney. "Sorry to be late, folks, but I had to carry out the ashes. Who's first?" It is now 1:15 p.m.

The fun starts. To reach a high note, we must go through this: Stand on your tiptoes, shut your eyes, and call Ma -- ry down from upstairs! At about 1:25 we are all around the piano singing happily when the door opens just a crack, disclosing Form III very anxious to enter. At last — dismissal.

But who knows to what undreamed of heights this group is going to reach? When everyone else is wearing out their voice singing "Of an afternoon in the month of June", we are happily engaged in putting building paper on flats to make operetta scenery. More astonishing, one of our young men kindly volunteers to become a tenor in "The Maid and the Middy". Finally, we are a very select group — you can't join us if you sing in tune.

—MARION SEDGWICK.

THE SCHOOL CLOCK

I once had a pretty white face,
My numbers were ever so black!
My arms moved around with such grace!
And richly brown oak was my back.

Many times were my hands hurried on
When lessons all seemed quite a bore,
Teacher marvelled how quickly I'd gone
While youngsters were glad it was "four"!

I've smiled at the answers a bit
By teacher and pupils and all.
My life — how I've loved every bit!
I would not exchange it at all.

But my face is now yellow and gray
For I've served in the school many score
My arms are too weak to move quickly to-day
So pupils must stay until "four".

—SISTER BORGIA.



GROUP D

Back Row (left to right): J. Gordon, J. Grylls, O. Reynolds, V. McCaw, F. Wilkinson, J. Hubbard, C. Peister, A. Whitfield,
 G. L. Woodruff, R. Galbraith, L. Sills, F. Moloney, J. Carswell.

Front Row (left to right): F. Morton, F. Howes, C. Johnston, F. Allore, R. Weir, J. Lewis, C. Volary, L. McKenny, G. Knox.

Form III (A Delayed Transcription)

STATION P.N.S. CALLING! In its roundup of the year's news the most sensational item centres around the Assize Court proceedings which found Fred Allore charged with "willfully, wistfully, and wounshy whistling at lady students attired in gym costume".

Just prior to the preparation of this transcription, Defense Attorney John Lewis and Crown Attorney Jack Gordon had perorated the jury for several hours. The long-suffering jury, no doubt numbed by the fire of the oratory, had spent over three hours in serious deliberation only to return to the court room asking for further direction. His Honour, Judge G. L. Woodruff complied with the request. An hour later the jury went out again—this time completely baffled and thoroughly confused. When a verdict may be expected—if ever—cannot be safely predicted.

Through the entire week this trial has dragged along. All day Monday was spent as the jockeying attorneys quarrelled in the selection of a jury. During the forenoon these were sworn in with the hope that the proceedings would begin in the afternoon. But His Honour, Justice Woodruff, was obliged to adjourn the hearing in order that he himself might appear before the Magistrate in the Traffic Court to answer a charge of having, in the company of a member of the Peterborough teaching staff, driven through a stop sign. It seems to be a habit of his.

On Wednesday morning preliminary questioning of several witnesses began. In the afternoon sensational developments added interest to the case. Under the rapid fire cross examination of Defence Counsel John Lewis, the Crown witness, Jackie Gordon, admitted that he, too, had whistled at the ladies on the same occasion for which Allore was being tried. Sternly, the presiding judge ordered Gordon's immediate arrest.

Not until Thursday afternoon were the defense witnesses called. Both of these, Orval Reynolds and Lloyd Sills swore that they had been with Allore at the time of the alleged offense. Both swore that at that moment Allore was masticating fifteen cents worth of bubble gum and when the ladies were in sight he was in the act of inflating a two-foot bubble, making it impossible to whistle at anyone. Despite their evidence, Greg Knox and Frank Wilkinson testified that they, too, were just behind Allore and while they failed to see that immense bubble they distinctly heard him emit a long, low, lingering whistle.

At this point Crown Attorney Carswell turned to the Bench and requested Justice Woodruff to reprimand the jury, whom, he claimed, were very inattentive to the evidence. Glancing at the jury for the first time since he paid his Traffic Court fine, His Honour observed: Jurors Galbraith, McKenny, Votary and Howes playing euchre; Russ Weir was cleaning his euphonium; Hubbard and Peister were obviously asleep; Morton was consulting a pocket size address and telephone directory; McCaw, Wallace and Moloney were reading comic books, and the foreman, Clare Johnston, was missing. That was all for Thursday.

This morning the defense introduced an expert — Bert Whitfield, who is a recognized authority on whistling. Bert explained that he had gained his training by long practice in whistling at girls while serving in His Majesty's forces. He claimed that in all his experience he had never once found a girl who resented being whistled at, and that he failed to see why any feminine Normalite would resent this obvious display of masculine approval. As he left the witness box he required police protection from the enraged members of Forms I and II. A minor riot broke out and continued until Justice Woodruff ordered that courtroom be cleared.

Defense Counsel John Lewis began then to — ah, here is a late bulletin issued at 11.40 p.m. to-night. It reads: "The Jury returned at 11.31 p.m. and announced the following verdict—"We the jury, find the accused not guilty as charged'." Justice Woodruff dismissed the prisoner but was obviously very displeased with the verdict and announced that he would order an early investigation into rumours that there had been gross perjury on the part of several witnesses and that at least three of the jurors had accepted bribes.

The trial is over but what will yet happen to Form III remains to be seen. This is John Grylls wishing them all well but warning them to keep away from his girl.

SIR NORMAL STUDENT

A student sits in Harrison's bar
Drinking a fizzling coke,
"Oh whar will I get my lesson plan
So's my teaching won't be like a joke?"

Then up and spake another voice;
Sat on the student's side:
"Sir Woody taught a lesson to-day,
Why not use his as a guide?"

The student has written a broad lesson
And studied it with his eye.
He took it to G. L. to mark
Whose look did make him sigh.

To Queen Alex, to Queen Alex,
Queen Alex o'er the street,
He and his little plan
No masters he hopes to meet.

On the first question the student asked
A loud laugh laughed the class,
But a glaring look from the critic
And the humorous side did pass.

"Oh, who has done this horrible thing,
This ill deed done to me?"
Was the plea of J.E.R.M. when
The lesson he did see.

"Make haste, make haste, my students all
And rack your rusty brain
Or ere come Departmental tests
And a whole year's work in vain!"

Late last fall he started out
An honour lesson to teach,
But now 'tis February
And a pass, he's yet to reach.

He had 'na taught a lesson, a lesson,
A lesson, but barely one
When the critic teacher said to him,
"My boy, as a teacher — yer done."

O long, O long, has he studied
With books, paper and pen,
But studying has not always been
Confined to his room.

For long, long at the basketball,
With P.N.S. girls to win.
And long, long at the hockey rink,
His studies grew mighty thin.

Half o'er, half o'er the year are we,
The lessons are drab and deep.
The long time at Normal that he's spent
He might as well have been asleep.

So now this tale draws to its close,
(Unlike F. B. when rings the bell.)
Perhaps with other grads we'll make
Good teachers yet — for who can tell.

—ORVAL REYNOLDS.



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~ Fall Term ~

Red
Cross
Executives ~



~ Spring Term ~



The Junior Red Cross Society

ONE OF THE first student activities to be organized at Peterborough Normal School this year was the Junior Red Cross Society. Due to the rather peculiar nature of a teacher-training institution, the Red Cross Society at Peterborough seeks to combine the values of having an organization for each Form plus an organization for the school as a whole. Representatives from each Form met as a committee for the whole school. A President, a Secretary, also a Treasurer were elected—thus the Fall Term Red Cross Society came into being.

President	Phyllis Boyd
Secretary	Marjory McBride
Treasurer	Lloyd Sills
Representatives	Margaret Brick, Margaret Rutherford and Clifford Votary.

During the fall term they were very successful in raising money for the Society. The first attempt consisted of a "Penny Parade" which took place in the auditorium. The three Forms really were competing with one another, raising \$18.25. Later a "Sadie Hawkins' Party" netted more funds. At Christmas, the Red Cross Society forwarded a substantial portion of its earnings, as well as the decorative articles made during the Craft periods to bring Yuletide cheer to veterans languishing in hospital.

In January the following Spring Term Executive was elected:

President	Luella Homan
Secretary	Anne Reid
Treasurer	Douglas Wallace
Representatives—	

Rosemary Jordon, Marian White and John Grylls

Junior Red Cross, for many, was lost during their High School days. The progress and present activity of the organization, touching as it does the life work of teachers, is of interest to all. Through the Normal School branch, students at this school have recaught the vision of service. These go forth to their own schools better fitted to work with Red Cross and to translate into action its motto "I serve."

—PHYLLIS BOYD.

Sports Activities

BASKETBALL

This class has every reason to be proud of those girls who formed the school's entry in the Ladies Basketball League. Coached by Miss Jean Caverly (P.N.S. graduate, 1947), and managed by Orval Reynolds, these girls developed into an aggregation which commanded respect from every team in the league. In the regular schedule the Normalites were barely nosed out of second place. In the playoffs, they showed sufficient power to carry off the Intermediate Championship.

Under their captain, Lou Homan, the girls found great leadership. Peggy Brown and June Ashley led offensively while Eddie Gill and Rosemary Jordan were equally effective defensively. Always in the game and giving their best were Mildred Jackson, Marg Hickey, Marg Watson, Mary Curtis and Marjorie McBride. To each of these girls we are grateful for the good entertainment they provided and for the laurels their success won for our school.

HOCKEY

Playing for the sheer love of the game, several boys accepted the invitation of the city teachers' hockey team to play in the City League. Although not always on the winning side, the team reached the playoffs, and always offered their opponents stiff opposition, making every game worthwhile. Perhaps it was the after-effects of teaching that made the team so spirited for these Thursday night games. Even the goal-tender took it on the teeth.

The team is especially grateful to Mr. Olmstead and Mr. Weir for their interest, encouragement and leadership.

SOFTBALL

No feature during the Fall term did more to make one Normalite acquainted with another than the scheduled softball games after four. Mr. McKinney's leadership not only made these occasions enjoyable but at the same time provided each student with much practical training in how to teach the game. On several occasions a Normal School team enjoyed games with the girls from Queen Alex or the North End boys. All in all, it was good fun.

TABLE TENNIS

Morning — Noon — Night — Between Classes — Incessantly!

—ORVAL REYNOLDS.

'Twas in the restaurant they met
Brave Romeo and Juliet.
He had no cash to pay his debt—
So Romeo'd what Juli'et.



Junior Red Cross

"I SERVE"

An Aid to the Teacher in Developing Ideals of Service and Good Citizenship, Junior Red Cross has as its aims:

Promotion of Health;
Service to Others;
International Friendliness.

For further information, write:

Ontario Division,

JUNIOR RED CROSS

621 Jarvis St., Toronto

The Toronto Trip

TO SO MANY people by whose efforts one of the year's most profitable days became possible, this class will ever be grateful. How they ever planned so many details is a marvel of organization. Truly, it may be said that from break of dawn until nigh unto another dawn there were no idle moments.

A special coach, hot chocolate and cookies in the Oak Room, street car tickets, a tour of the Art Gallery, lunch at the Museum, a variety of lectures there, a break in order to have a mid-afternoon snack, a visit to the Parliament Buildings, the relaxation accommodations at the Central Y.M.C.A., and the evening arrangements left nothing undone for the day's enjoyment. Some visited friends and relatives, some attended the Horse Show, some went to Massey Hall to enjoy the "Pop" Symphony Concert, and others to the Royal Alex to see the enactment of "Antony and Cleopatra". Whatever their diversion and entertainment, all were unanimous in describing this as an outstanding experience.

The trip for some ended early on Saturday morning, for others late Saturday night. Some even prolonged the event until 2.00 a.m. on Monday morning. By nine o'clock on that same day all had resumed the schoolroom tasks at P.N.S. Each brought back tales of sights and experiences that will linger, but this record should contain some that might otherwise be forgotten.

THE BEGINNING

B-r-r-r, br-r-r!

"Oh, shut up!"

B-r-r-r, br-r-r!

"What was that? The alarm clock? Time to get up? At 6.30? No? Oh golly, we go to Toronto to-day! Come on!"

Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk!

"Can't be the taxi I called last night. Not yet! Yes, it is. No, I won't have breakfast. Really, no, I'm not hungry. Alright driver, call at the third house — there are four girls there . . . Yes, they'll be ready . . . No light in there. Blow the horn. Aw! there's a light now . . . Dashed women! Will they never come? What? Three minutes till train time . . . Let's go without th . . . Here they are . . . Whew! Why did we hurry, we are here with ten seconds to spare. Might have eaten some breakfast . . ."

DIRECTED OBSERVATION RESULTS

Girl—

- with longest eyelashes — Madeleine Davidson (14 mm.)
- with reddest hair — Marg Rutherford; Esther Perrin a close second.
- with the longest run in her stocking — Christine Roberts.
- with perfume behind the ears — Peggy Brown.
- with highest heels — Doreen Crough.
- with longest coat or dress — Sister Borgia.
- Youngest girl in the class — Marguerite Hickey.

Man—

- with loudest necktie — Johnny Lewis.
- with loudest socks — Cy Peister.
- most in need of haircut — Lloyd Sills.
- most in need of shave — Mr. Copp and Mr. Smitheram.
- with most cash — Fred Allore.
- Tallest man in the group — Bert Whitfield.

Heavenly Twins—

girl and girl — Marj McBride and Ruth Wilson.

boy and boy — Hubbard and McCaw.

girl and boy — Phyllis Boyd and Jack Gordon.

Definition of gufah — "The stuff that Mr. McKinney hands out in class."

Best lines for the limerick:

A young Irish lady named Ellen

Said: "The one thing that starts me a-yellin'

Is to have someone say,

'Hurry up! Get away!'

When I really don't need any tellin'."

CASE STUDIES

No. 1 — Margaret Brick: lost her purse, found it, lost the money, found that, gave it Madeleine, lost Madeleine, Russ Weir found Madeleine, neither realized that anything was lost.

No. 2 — Fred Ailore: Spent his usual allotment of pin-ball machine nickels phoning hotels for bedrooms, forgot the name of the hotel, remembered it, forgot where it is located, found it, discovered too late that he had reserved one bed for six boys. What a man!

OVERHEARD ON THE TRAIN—

Lloyd Sills swearing during a card game.

Verna Mae Burnett lauding the advantages of marrying young.

Fred Ailore telling his favourite story. (Sorry.)

The conductor saying: "Do you people have to stand up and wave those blankety blank papers around?"

Mr. Smitheram asking: "Did anyone lose her purse?"

Eddie Gill reminiscing about college days.

Clare Johnston laughing.

—CYRIL PEISTER.

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"Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" asked a polite book agent at 339 London Street.

"No!" Ellen snapped.

"Or a Robert Lewis Stevenson?"

"No!"

"Or a Gene Field?"

"No, we ain't, and what's more, we don't run no boarding house. If you're looking for them fellows, you might try the house around the corner."

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Extension Department

LONDON — CANADA

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1. Courses for the Permanent First Class Certificate and for the General B.A. Degree.
2. Subjects for the new B. A. Course for Teachers of Elementary Schools. This has received the approval of the Department of Education of Ontario. Credit will be allowed for many of the special summer courses offered by the Department of Education.
3. Special courses in Art, Music, Opera, Public Health, Theatre Arts.

EXTENSION CLASSES — From October to April

Regular classes in University subjects are maintained in numerous centres throughout Central and Western Ontario. These meet in the evenings or on Saturdays to serve the needs of teachers, enabling them to obtain Permanent First Class Certificates or to proceed to degrees while continuing to earn.

Write to the Extension Department in September for a list of centres and courses.

CORRESPONDENCE DIVISION

Correspondence courses are available in various subjects.

FRENCH LANGUAGE COURSES

Acquire facility in French in an old-world environment (July 1st to August 18th) at Trois-Pistoles, Quebec.

Mr. Smitheram had just finished a lecture on "The Abilities of Man" and was conducting a question session. Doreen held up her hand timidly and said, most respectfully: "Did I understand you to say that a good poker player could successfully handle any sort of executive job?"

"That's exactly what I said," was the confident reply.

"Tell me, sir," she asked, "what would a good poker player want with a job?"

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TREES

Evergreens down in the valley
Hymned by the whispering brook,
Swathed in the first snows of winter,
Saintly, angelic their look.

Soft spreading wings lifting gently,
Glist'ning white snow for a gown
Matching the feathery carpet,
Tumbling so carelessly down;

Green arms, beneath, all-embracing
God's furry creatures so near;
Winged ones accepting devotion,
Guarding them thro' the long year:

Maples abroad on the hillside,
Brilliance of autumn now done,
Robbed of their Joseph-like raiment,
Gossamer black in the sun;

Empty arms raised to the heavens,
Barren the nests in their fold,
Stilled for a moment, their rapture,
Conquered by wintry cold:

Far and above where the hilltop
Pierces at last the great blue,
Fleecy cloud-lambs "hide-and-seeking,"
Sentinel pines of dark hue;

These are the works of the Father,
These are the banners unfurled
Telling us, "God's in His Heaven,
All will be well with the World!"

—ROSEMARY PARKER.

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Mr. C.—“What is ratio?”

Christine—“Ratio is proportion.”

Mr. C.—“And what is proportion?”

Christine—“Proportion is ratio.”

Mr. C.—“Now, young lady! What is ration and proportion?”

Christine (icily)—“One question at a time, please.”

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THE TEACHER

Down the dusty road he went —
Poor old fellow!
Plodding onward, almost bent,
Through the hollow.

Travelling on through life's hard way —
Great old soul!
Waiting for the glorious day,
His one goal.

By and by his day will come —
Trusty lad!
When his B.A. he'll have won,
He'll be glad.

—FRASER HOWES.

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N.B.—Early applications may receive in advance, if they so desire, syllabi of work and information re text-books, etc., to be used in the Summer Session.

Non-Credit Courses, 1948—

Special three-week course in Dramatics for Amateurs—July 7th-28th
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Dr. C. H. Stearn, Director of Extension and Summer School, McMaster University, Hamilton. Phone 3 - 1112.

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MY LOST LOVE

O, stately yews that shade the stones
That stand in silence there,
You guard them from the dawn to night
And cast a glow so rare.
Beneath your silent solitude
Your quiet reigns supreme;
I sit and wait alone for him
Who is my only dream.

O, yew who shades my lover lost
Who rests beneath the sod,
He waits for me in lasting peace
In company with God.
Your shadows fall upon his grave
And make it soft and green.
The moon makes ghostly patterns there
But he is never seen.

O, how I long to be with him,
To rest within his arms,
He was so sweet and kind to me
He had so many charms.
But now he is forever gone
Away from earthly things
And I shall never see him more,
Until the Angel sings.

But while I wait till I can go
To be with him again
I'll come and sit beneath your boughs
In sun, and hail, and rain.
O, stately yews that guard him well
In silence and repose,
He will forever sleep in peace
Till life with me will close.

—PEGGY BROWN.

Mr. McKinney began the afternoon by asking Form III if there was any anthem which they wished to sing.

"God Save the King," suggested Morton.

"Why do you choose the National Anthem?"

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FAR AWAY FIELDS

Across the fields and far away
I see the hills up yonder,
And as I look they seem to say
Whither dost thou wander?

The trees they beckon me to stay
But on I travel ever,
Along the dusty travelled way
Forever and forever.

Perhaps new friends I'll chance to meet
In new and far-off places.
But all the time I'll yearn to greet
The old familiar faces.

Thus life goes on from day to day
So why do we then wonder?
When trees and hills all seem to say
Whither dost thou wander?

—DOUGLAS WALLACE.

THE PINE

Oh fragrant, lofty, waving pine,
Stretch up to meet the sky;
Show every graceful branch and line,
When breezes make you sigh.

And far across the lonely bay,
With reaching arms so high,
You tangle with the Milky Way,
Amid the starry sky.

Oh King, of all the other trees,
Your shady arms give peace,
And set my weary form at ease,
While all my troubles cease.

—MARIE KENEHAN.

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NIGHTFALL

When day is done I look upon
The endless and majestic calm,
That shrouds the land of pine and palm,
And guards the coming of the dawn.

Like to some vast, unknown abyss
This black expanse I'll always love.
Oh, night, to me you're like a dove
Of purity and gentleness.

When twilight wanes and stars give light
And, all the earth, shadows enhance,
I stand in awe and fondly glance
On you, oh still majestic night.

—THELMA GENGE.

SPRING!

Oh! Spring is loosed from winter's clasp.
The sunshine's golden ray
Has wakened up the crocuses
That flaunt their bloom by day.

The birds return from distant lands
To cheer the world with song.
They soon will build their little nests,
And play all summer long.

The trees are bursting tiny buds,
And rivulets run fast.
The verdant grass a carpet is.
Oh, Spring has come at last!

—MARIAN WHITE.

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Fred Allore was stricken suddenly with a lame back. He couldn't work because of the pain. In torture he entered the doctor's office.

"Just a minute," said the doctor, as he ran his hands up under the back of Fred's vest. A moment later he finished and Fred's pain was obviously relieved.

"How much?" asked Fred.

"Two dollars", came the reply.

"Gosh, Doc! It's worth more than that. What did you do?"

"Oh! I just took the twist out of your suspenders."

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"Now," purred Mr. S. during an Arithmetic period, "if I lay three eggs on the table and two on the chair, how many eggs will there be?"

"Really," tittered Verna, "I don't think you can do it."

Miss Johnston: "... In respect to automobiles and girls alike, it is not time that makes them out of date, it is the new models which are always coming out."

Sills: "Why was Noah the world's greatest gambler?"

Votary: "I don't know. Why?"

Sills: "Because he started with a pair and came up with a full house."

Thelma Genge, advising Mr. Woodruff the route by which he would reach the school in which she taught before coming to Normal School: "And when you leave the Highway, choose your rut carefully, you'll be in it for 20 miles."

Overheard in the Science Class one morning.

Mr. Copp, enthusiastically: "... Nature is so very wonderful. Why a million years ago, Nature did not know that we would be wearing glasses, but look how conveniently she placed our ears."

In 1948

OUR NAMES WERE	WE CAME FROM	OUR NAMES WERE	WE CAME FROM
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June Ashley	Kingston	Christine Roberts	Trenton
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Phyllis Boyd	Consecon	Margaret Rutherford	Colborne
Merla Braithewaite	Roseneath	Margaret Sargent	Westwood
Margaret Brick	Ennismore	Marion Sedgwick	Gelert
Peggy Brown	Peterborough	Mary Spencer	Lakefield
Verna Mae Burnett	Odessa	Reta Sproule	Westbrook
Doreen Crough	Peterborough	Ruth Sproule	Westbrook
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Madeleine Davidson	Keene	Margaret Watson	Severn Bridge
Ramona Douglas	Cobourg	Lois Weaver	Stirling
Margaret Garrison	Tweed	Marian White	Campbellcroft
Thelma Genge	Hartington	Ruth Wilson	Cobourg
Ethel Gill	Norwood	Sheila Wilson	Peterborough
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Joyce Grills	Campbellford	Fred Allore	Stoco
Eileen Helstern	Harrowsmith	John Carswell	Belleville
Marguerite Hickey	Omeme	Robert Galbraith	Colebrook
Joan Hoard	Campbellford	Jack Gordon	Cannington
Luella Homan	Corbyville	John Grylls	Lakefield
Mildred Jackson	Selby	Fraser Howes	Tamworth
Rosemary Jordan	Roblin	Jerry Hubbard	Kingston
Marie Kenehan	Verona	Clare Johnston	Longford Mills
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Sister Borgia	Peterborough	John Lewis	Peterborough
Marjorie McBride	Cobourg	Vernon McCaw	Picton
Margaret McColl	Kingston	Leo McKenny	Read
Margaret McGee	Stirling	Francis Moloney	Ennismore
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Dorothy Peters	Cole Lake	Russell Weir	Omeme
Susan Powell	Campbellcroft	Albert Whitfield	Fenelon Falls
Evelyn Preston	Bethany	Frank Wilkinson	Port Perry

The one who thinks our jokes are poor
 Would straight-way change his views,
 Could he compare the jokes we print
 With those we do not use.



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JOE is a Central Office Foreman



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